

SPORTS REST FOR LABORING MEN.

Swart for them romps not again—
 Life's more meaning now than then!
 Press ye on to meet the trial!
 Where'er ye roam! Self-Denial
 Points to Time's loud speaking dial—
 Watch the moments—how they fly,
 Watch the minutes flitting by—
 Watch the hours that quickly die.
 Moments give a birth to thought—
 Minutes shape some vasty plot—
 Hours complete what they have wrought

Turn them all to golden sands,
 Keep them present in thy hands,
 Earnest of the brighter lands.
 Deep within thy being's wells,
 Cast thy gaze and learn what such
 Where the heart to secret tells.
 Be they strong believers of right?
 Be they eager souls to fight?
 Be they beamings through the night?
 Be they yearnings for the time
 Be they dreams of glory's clime
 Be they love and truth sublime?
 Wear thy life with sterner aim
 Sink not, though dashed, to shame,
 Seek to blight thy gullible fame.

He who e'er undaunting stands—
He who dares the scorching brand,
List fulfill the truth's commands,
Round the portals of the soul,
Ere its deep hoarse murmurs roll,
Prestige of the future's toll.
Yet be firm, maintain the right—
Day will follow after night—
Victory cometh by the light.
Fill thy destiny, nor yield
When the duty is revealed
On the Age's crowded field.
Hope be thy bright morning ray—
Faith thy comrades on the way—
Bliss to thine at close of day.

Winged About.
The N. O. Telegram has a correspondent in Laredo, Tex., who, in the course of his wanderings, has been the victim of a misadventure to all of an incident is early in the history. We think that the heroism of the fugitives.

About the year 1832-3, there lived a family of the name of Chisholm, who lived in Texas. Among them were several young people, handsome looking creatures, happy and cheerful, and of the true American type of the upper tendency of those days—strong, and always of good cheer. It happened one day that a party of these young people, residing in that section, there was a young man named C., a curly-haired, grizzly-haired, and moon-eyed chap, who became acquainted with the most charming of the successful young ladies, and who, of all the young men of the section, was the only one who was a successful diplomatist in matters of the heart. The gentleman was to be counted on and wed.

C. was himself become less and less like a young man, and then doubling to twice his size, a stout, a weak, and a stupid, and finally, the amiable-spirited, dare-killing fellow, who, in almost every day forcing his company on the young ladies, and who, in the end, was a very. Many people at his expense, and, of course, and who resolved, after such

admirer or quit the *varan* for a tiger. The opportunity offered on the Sabbath (following the water-melon season, and fletting their having a fine supply, all the young men miles around assembled there on the Sabbath morning. C. was prominent in the circle till the three young men, who had the interviews with the other young men, arranged that C. should be decoyed from the scene and frightened by the cry of Indians. Some of his comrades, which it was thought would wound his pride and drive him away, were young men with C. walked off together in the three directions, and the plan was proposed by one, and seconded by another. Of course, poor C. was induced. They went down to the ford near the melon patch and began unobtrusively. In the mean time, the young men, who had gone on under cover of the melon season, were making their way from the path from the bathing

to the house. The company with
him in fine gear, and in going down spoke
recent outrages of the Indians, their in-
famous murders, thus exciting the an-
ticipated bumps of C. to the highest pitch.
Now boys, said one, who shall be the fir-
st to start in that pool, eh?
Will, said C.; 'ain't I first with the gal,
you know I'm first here—
"dressed in fine gear, and pants &c." Just as
I doffed my coat, I'm starting a show—
"white shirt—bagg bang bang bang!" Who's
in—Bang! went two, three, four, guns
and shells rose the Indian yell in the den-
dens, and under the bank.
Oh, Lord! I am a dead man, boys!" said
C., as he lay on his back, his
right leg broken. Oh, save me! cried
one Williams—
"Come to life, men! Run, for mercy's sake!"
cried Jack Parsons. One of my eyes

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